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THE

FUTURE OF NATIONS:

IN WHAT CONSISTS ITS SECURITY.

A Lecture,

DELIVERED IN THE BROADWAY TABERNACLE, NEW YORK, ON MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 21, 1852.

BY LOUIS KOSSUTH,
GOVERNOR OF HUNGARY.

1871

Revised and Corrected by the Author.

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Preface.

THE following correspondence is a sufficient preface; we therefore present it without further comment:

To GOVERNOR KOSSUTH: Sir—We are aware that your aged mother, your sisters, and their children, driven forth from their hearthstone, are coming to the New World to seek protection beyond the blighting shadow of despotism. We know that despotism, cowardly as cruel, fears the spell of the name you have illustrated, and dares not, even though it be borne by defenseless women, permit its existence on the Eastern Continent.

We know, too, sir, that your filial and fraternal solicitude must be painfully excited by the arrival of your family on a foreign soil, without the means of independent existence, and we have heard that in this mournful exigency, you have expressed a wish to deliver a Lecture for the purpose of obtaining the means necessary to secure to your exiled family an establishment by which they may earn an humble but independent livelihood.

We hail with pleasure in this project, your acceptance of the truth, that labor is the basis of personal dignity as well as of our republican institutions.

We are told that the obstacle to your delivering this Lecture is some uncertainty in your own mind, whether it will meet with cordial sympathy.

We therefore, sir, beg leave to express our conviction that, as American women, it is our duty as well as our happiness, to come forward, without dropping the modest vail that befits our sex, to receive our exiled and afflicted sisters as a sacred deposite of your dearest treasures, till it shall please God to restore them to you and to freed Hungary.

And further, sir, we take the liberty to express to you our belief that whatever differences may exist among our citizens as to our national duty and policy in relation to your country, there is not a mother's or sister's heart in the land, a son's or brother's, that does not answer to the affecting call from the wrongs of your family—and to say, that as the citizens of New York had the honor of the first public demonstration of welcome, and sympathy with your patriotism, they claim to consecrate their farewell with as generous and fitting an expression of their sympathy with your domestic virtues.

In conclusion, permit us to say that the mode by which you propose to express your filial sentiments is particularly acceptable to us, as it will gratify our earnest desire to hear your voice once more; and to hear it in a cause common to all humanity.

And that we are ready to concur with you in such arrangements as shall secure the most substantial return to your efforts. Respectfully yours,

Mrs. A. C. Kingsland,
Mrs. Stephen H. Tyng,
Mrs. T. S. Van Rensselaer,
Mrs. Thomas Doremus,
Madame O'Sullivan,
Miss C. M. Sedgwick,
Mrs. Henry Grinnell,
Mrs. Wm. Kirkland,
Madame Charles Canda,
Mrs. John Bigelow,
Miss A. Rogers,
Mrs. John O'Sullivan,
Mrs. Ellery Sedgwick,
Mrs. Frank Marbury,
Mrs. Dr. Skinner,
Miss J. Sands,
Mrs. Morris Earle,
Miss Woods,
Mrs. Henry W. Bellows,
Mrs. Vanden Heuvel,
Miss Anna Curtis,
Mrs. James Gibbons,
Mrs. John Sutphen,
Mrs. B. D. Howland,
Mrs. Oscar Coles,
Mrs. B. W. Mitchell,
Mrs. A. B. Durand,
Mrs. Woodman,
Mrs. A. H. Fitch,
Miss Durand,
Mrs. Comfort Sands,
Mrs. Cronkhite,

Mrs. Parmly, and others.

New York, *June* 12, 1852.

Governor Louis Kossuth: Dear sir—Allow us to congratulate you on the regained liberty of your mother and sisters. That those so dear to you should have suffered so many hardships in consequence of your devotion to constitutional rights, must gain for them a sympathy as wide as that which is felt for yourself. Their dangerous relationship to you is their honor and their title to our particular regard. In this view their expected arrival in this city interests us, and we believe that we but express the feelings of our fellow-citizens in addressing you in the relation you will soon be called on to take toward them.

We are aware that these ladies and their families on their first arrival will have no one but yourself to whom to look for support, and that you have no pecuniary aid to give them. Your poverty is one of your claims to honor. You will wish then to do something toward helping them. It has occurred to us that if you would afford our fellow-citizens an opportunity of meeting you again and hearing your views upon any subject, they would gladly embrace it as a means of helping you in the performance of your duties as a son and a brother. If you undertake any thing of the kind we shall be happy to aid you in carrying it out. Yours, respectfully

Wm. C. Bryant,
Henry J. Raymond,
S. Draper,
S. Jones,
Horace Greeley,
George Bancroft,
John Bigelow,
Parke Godwin,
Joseph N. Balestier,
Henry W. Bellows,
Wm. E. Sedgwick,
S. P. Parker,
Stephen H. Tyng,
Wm. C. Russel,
Samuel Osgood,
George B. Cheever,

E. H. Chapin.

GOV. KOSSUTH'S REPLY.

IRVING HOUSE, *June* 16, 1852.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—With deep emotion I thank you for the generous interest you are pleased to take in a cause so sacred to my affections, next to my country dearest to my heart.

Gratifying though it be, to know my persecuted sisters, liberated and reunited to my aged parent, beyond the reach of my country's murderers—still it is a hard destiny, full of nameless woes, to be driven from the native soil—an old mother, tried by more severe affliction than any mourning parent on earth; sisters sick and worn out by the sufferings of an arbitrary prison, inflicted on them solely because I am their brother; and helpless children, two of them fatherless orphans, all cast among foreigners, homeless and poor.

Yet I thank God that His counsel has destined us to suffer for our fatherland.

But my devotion to my country's rights being the cause of the shattered happiness of my family, it is a deep anxiety added to the cares of my public life, that I have not the means to support the forlorn exiles, so near to my heart.

I am poor, and proud of being so.

My life and every one of its moments belong to my country, and the material aid which I have been able to collect, and may yet receive for my country's cause, shall not be diverted from its sacred aim, and cannot be employed to alleviate the misfortunes of my family.

I advised my dear relatives to seek your free shores, not only because America is an asylum to the oppressed, but also because a wider field is here open to labor than anywhere else in the world, and labor is honored here. Here, therefore, I thought they may by honest exertion earn an humble livelihood, and enjoy the consolation of an independence, founded by their own activity, until, with the aid of God, I may restore them to our beloved native land.

My earnest desire was, therefore, to secure the means of their first establishment. I thought of a lecture for their benefit, but I hesitated, conscious of inability, overwhelmed as I am with toils and cares, to rouse the interest of the public, so much the more as I felt not entitled to claim public attention for the distress of my family, at the time when millions are oppressed, and bleeding nations claim the sympathy of America.

You, ladies and gentlemen, prompted by the noble impulses of your generosity, were pleased to encourage me, offering your aid, that I may attain the desired end.

I therefore warmly thank you for the comfort of your encouragement. I accept with gratitude your offered assistance, ready to do according to your friendly advice. I feel happy to leave every further arrangement with you, and trust that the warm hearts of New York will answer your appeal, and will not refuse a ray of that sympathy to filial and brotherly solicitude, which they have offered to the exertions of the patriot.

L. KOSSUTH.

Introduction.

We copy the following from the New York Tribune—the Lecture itself having since been revised and corrected by the author expressly for this edition.

Never was a more crowded or brilliant audience assembled in the Tabernacle than that which gathered on Monday night, June 21, to listen to the parting discourse of the illustrious Hungarian. The occasion was one of the deepest interest. The approaching arrival of Kossuth's "aged mother and homeless sisters," the exiled victims of kindred with the noble champion of his country's rights, has called forth a profound sympathy even in many hearts which have taken little interest in the impassioned appeals of the orator for American aid to Hungary. The story of private griefs has affected them more powerfully than that of national wrongs. Not a few also who have before had no opportunity of listening to the magic eloquence of Kossuth, could not permit the last occasion to pass without hearing the tones of that persuasive voice which has touched such a deep chord of feeling wherever it has been uttered. The audience was not only immense in numbers, but imposing by the elements of which it was composed. It represented all classes of New York society. The aged were there, who seldom appear in public places. A large proportion of ladies showed their devotion to the cause, by appearing in the Tabernacle, in spite of the crush and the severe heat. The well-known faces of a host of our most respectable citizens, of every profession, were seen in the vain pursuit of a seat. A finer turn-out of the young men of New York we have never witnessed on any public occasion; while numerous strangers, many just arrived in the city, and wearing their travel-stained dress, served to complete the vast assemblage.

Long before eight o'clock, the hour announced for the meeting,

every seat was occupied. The aisles were lined with extra benches, accommodating a throng of ladies, but great numbers were obliged to stand during the whole evening. The entrance of Kossuth, who came upon the stage accompanied by His Honor Chief Justice Jones, David D. Field, Rev. Mr. Osgood, and others, was welcomed with repeated and enthusiastic cheers by the deeply excited audience. He was dressed in a plain suit of black, with white gloves. He appeared in better health than when he was in New York before. On his being introduced to the assembly, by William C. Russel, Esq., the cheers were reiterated, and it was not until after some time that silence was so far restored as to enable him to begin his address. Of the masterly vigor and melting pathos of this production, we need not speak. Our readers cannot fail to appreciate its noble eloquence. But they can form no idea of the magnetic unction, the solemn earnestness, and the felicitous grace, with which the different portions of the discourse were delivered, according to the dominant tone of feeling with which the speaker was inspired. A large part of it, as will be seen, was of a highly religious character, expressive of the sublime ideal of Christianity cherished by Kossuth, and of the profound grief with which he contemplates the defeat of its practical application to social and political affairs. His remarks on this topic evidently made a deep impression on the audience. At the close of the discourse, nine hearty cheers were given for Kossuth and the cause of Hungary, when the audience slowly broke up, as if reluctant to leave the charmed presence.

Referring to this most remarkable Lecture, the New York Evening Post, on the day after delivery, had the following:

Kossuth's Lecture.—A more crowded or a more brilliant audience was never gathered in the Tabernacle than that which assembled there last evening. It was a warm night, in fact, a sweltering night, but long before eight o'clock every seat in the building was taken, and the aisles and galleries filled. At the appointed time Kossuth came upon the stage accompanied by Chief Justice Jones, D. D. Field, Dr. Osgood, and others, and the moment he made his

appearance, was greeted with a deafening explosion of shouts. Even the ladies, of whom there was a large and sparkling throng, joined in the applause and helped to swell the tumult.

Kossuth was then introduced by Mr. Wm. C. Russel, and was again received with the most tumultuous plaudits. His speech, about an hour and a half in length, was a noble specimen of his eloquence—deliberate, earnest, graceful, and various—now thrilling the hearer with its gentle pathos, and anon stirring them with its manly appeals to high and generous feelings like the sound of a trumpet. Its principal topic was the future of the nations, which future, he argued, can only be secured by the rigid application of Christian principles to social and political life. This he illustrated with that vast learning of which he is master, making history luminous with thought, and pushing forward our aspirations to a better time to come.

Kossuth appears nowhere greater than in this able discourse. His comprehensive politics, his beautiful sympathies, his power over language, his poetic imagination, his magnetic and melting earnestness of purpose, are blended with that depth of religious feeling which gives to his character as a patriot the sanctity and unction of the prophet. His moral and intellectual faculties are shown in harmony, working out the great and beneficent purposes of his commanding will.

It would be difficult to select any portion of this speech as better than another, and we therefore commend the whole to the reader's careful attention

Kossuth's Lecture.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

During six months I appeared many times before the tribunal of public opinion in America. This evening I appear before you in the capacity of a working man. My aged mother, tried by more sufferings than any living being on earth, and my three sisters, one of them a widow with two fatherless orphans, together a homeless family of fourteen unfortunate souls, have been driven by the Austrian tyrant from their home, that Golgotha of murdered right, that land of the oppressed, but also of undesponding braves, and the land of approaching revenge. When Russian violence, aided by domestic treason, succeeded to accomplish what Austrian perjury could not achieve, and I with bleeding heart went into exile, my mother and all my sisters were imprisoned by Austria; but it having been my constant maxim not to allow to whatever member of my family any influence in public affairs,

except that I intrusted to the charitable superintending of my youngest sister the hospitals of the wounded heroes, as also to my wife the cares of providing for the furniture of these hospitals, not even the foulest intrigues could contrive any pretext for the continuation of their imprisonment. And thus, when diplomacy succeeded to fetter my patriotic activity by the internation to far Asia, after some months of unjust imprisonment, my mother and sisters and their family have been released; and though surrounded by thousand spies, tortured by continual interference with their private life, and harassed by insulting police measures, they had at least the consolation to breathe the native air, to see their tears falling upon native soil, and to rejoice at the majestic spirit of our people, which no adversities could bend and no tyranny could break.

But at last by the humanity of the Sultan, backed by American generosity, seconded by England, I once more was restored to personal freedom, and by freedom to activity. Having succeeded to escape the different snares and traps which I unexpectedly met, I considered it my duty publicly to declare that the war between Austrian tyranny and the freedom of Hungary is not ended yet, and swore eternal resistance to the oppressors of my country, and declared that, faithful to the oath sworn solemnly to my people, I will devote my life to the liberation of my fatherland. Scarcely reached the tidings of this my after resolution the bloody Court of Vienna,

than two of my sisters were again imprisoned; my poor old mother escaping the same cruelty only on account that bristling bayonets of the bloodhounds of despotism, breaking in the dead of night upon the tranquil house, and the persecution of my sisters, hurried away out of Hungary to the prisons of Vienna, threw her in a half-dying condition upon a sick bed. Again no charge could be brought against the poor prisoners, because, knowing them in the tiger's den, and surrounded by spies, I not only did not communicate any thing to them about my foreign preparations and my dispositions at home, but have expressly forbidden them to mix in any way with the doings of patriotism.

But tyrants are suspicious. You know the tale about Marcius. He dreamt that he cut the throat of Dionysius the tyrant, and Dionysius condemned him to death, saying that he would not have dreamt such things in the night if he had not thought of it by day. Thus the Austrian tyrant imprisoned my sisters, because he suspected that, being my sisters, they must be initiated in my plans. At last, after five months of imprisonment, they were released, but upon the condition that they, as well as my mother and all my family, shall leave our native land. Thus they became exiles, homeless, helpless, poor. I advised them to come to your free country —the asylum of the oppressed, where labor is honored, and where they must try to live by their honest work.

They followed my advice, and are on their way; but my poor aged mother and my youngest sister, the widow with the two orphans, being stopped by dangerous sickness at Brussels, another sister stopped with them to nurse them. The rest of the family is already on the way—in a sailing ship of course, I believe, and not in a steamer. We are poor. My mother and sisters will follow so soon as their health permits.

I felt the duty to help them in their first establishment here. For this I had to work, having no means of my own.

Some generous friends advised me to try a lecture for this purpose, and I did it. I will not act the part of crying complainants about our misfortunes; we will bear them. Let me at once go to my task.

There is a stirring vitality of busy life about this your city of New York, striking with astonishment the stranger's mind. How great is the progress of Humanity! Its steps are counted by centuries, and yet while countless millions stand almost at the same point where they stood, and some even have declined since America first emerged out of an unexplored darkness, which had covered her for thousands of years, like the gem in the sea; while it is but yesterday a few pilgrims landed on the wild coast of Plymouth, flying from causeless oppression, seeking but for a place of refuge and of

rest, and for a free spot in the wilderness to adore the Almighty in their own way; still, in such a brief time, shorter than the recorded genealogy of the noble horse of the wandering Arab; yes, almost within the turn of the hand, out of the unknown wilderness a mighty empire arose, broad as an ocean, solid as a mountain-rock, and upon the scarcely rotted roots of the primitive forest, proud cities stand, teeming with boundless life, growing like the prairie's grass in spring, advancing like the steam-engine, baffling time and distance like the telegraph, and spreading the pulsation of their life-tide to the remotest parts of the world; and in those cities and on that broad land a nation, free as the mountain air, independent as the soaring eagle, active as nature, and powerful as the giant strength of millions of freemen.

How wonderful! What a present—and what a future yet!

Future?—then let me stop at this mysterious word—the veil of unrevealed eternity!

The shadow of that dark word passed across my mind, and amid the bustle of this gigantic bee-hive, there I stood with meditation alone.

And the spirit of the immovable Past rose before my eyes, unfolding the misty picture-rolls of vanished greatness, and of the fragility of human things.

And among their dissolving views, there I saw the scorched soil of Africa, and upon that soil Thebes with its hundred gates, more splendid than

the most splendid of all the existing cities of the world; Thebes, the pride of old Egypt, the first metropolis of arts and sciences, and the mysterious cradle of so many doctrines which still rule mankind in different shapes, though it has long forgotten their source. There I saw Syria with its hundred cities, every city a nation, and every nation with an empire's might. Baalbec, with its gigantic temples, the very ruins of which baffle the imagination of man, as they stand like mountains of carved rocks in the desert where for hundreds of miles not a stone is to be found, and no river flows, offering its tolerant back to carry a mountain's weight upon, and yet there they stand, those gigantic ruins; and as we glance at them with astonishment, though we have mastered the mysterious elements of nature, and know the combination of levers, and how to catch the lightning, and to command the power of steam and of compressed air, and how to write with the burning fluid out of which the thunderbolt is forged, and how to drive the current of streams up the mountain's top, and how to make the air shine in the night like the light of the sun, and how to dive to the bottom of the deep ocean, and how to rise up to the sky—though we know all this, and many things else, still, looking at the temples of Baalbec, we cannot forbear to ask what people of giants was that, which could do what neither the efforts of our skill nor the ravaging hand of unrelenting time can

undo, through thousands of years. And then I saw the dissolving picture of Nineveh, with its ramparts now covered with mountains of sand, where Layard is digging up colossal winged bulls, huge as a mountain, and yet carved with the nicety of a cameo; and then Babylon, with its wonderful walls; and Jerusalem, with its unequaled temple; Tyrus, with its countless fleets; Arad, with its wharves; and Sidon, with its labyrinth of workshops and factories; and Ascalon, and Gaza, and Beyrout, and farther off Persepolis, with its world of palaces.

All these passed before my eyes as they have been, and again they passed as they now are, with no trace of their ancient greatness, but here and there a ruin, and everywhere the desolation of tombs. With all their splendor, power, and might, they vanished like a bubble, or like the dream of a child, leaving but for a moment a drop of cold sweat upon the sleeper's brow, or a quivering smile upon his lips; then, this wiped away, dream, sweat, smile—all is nothingness.

So the powerful cities of the ancient greatness of a giant age; their very memory but a sad monument of the fragility of human things.

And yet, proud of the passing hour's bliss, men speak of the future, and believe themselves insured against its vicissitudes!

And the spirit of history rolled on the misty shapes of the past before the eyes of my soul. Af-

ter those cities of old came the nations of old. The Assyrians, the Chaldeans, the war-like Philistines, the commercial republics of Phœnicia and the Persians, ruling from the Indus to the Mediterranean, and Egypt becoming the center of the universe, after having been thousands of years ago the cradle of its civilization.

Where is the power, the splendor, and the glory of all those mighty nations? All has vanished without other trace than such as the foot of the wanderer leaves upon the dust.

And still men speak of the future with proud security!

And yet they know that Carthage is no more, though it ruled Spain, and ruled Africa beyond the pillars of Hercules down to Cerne, an immense territory, blessed with all the blessings of nature, which Hannon filled with flourishing cities, of which now no trace remains.

And men speak of the future, though they know that such things as heroic Greece once did exist, glorious in its very ruins, and a source of everlasting inspiration in its immortal memory.

Men speak of the future, and still they can rehearse the powerful colonies issued from Greece, and the empires their heroic sons have founded. And they can mark out with a finger on the map, the unparalleled conquests of Alexander; how he crossed victoriously that desert whence Semiramis, out of a countless host, brought home but twenty

men; and Cyrus, out of a still larger number, only seven men. But he (Alexander) went on in triumph, and conquered India up to the Hydaspes as he conquered before Tyrus and Egypt, and secured with prudence what he had conquered with indomitable energy.

And men speak of the future, though they know that such a thing did exist as Rome, the Mistress of the World—Rome rising from atomic smallness to immortal greatness, and to a grandeur absorbing the world—Rome, now having all her citizens without, and now again having all the world within her walls; and passing through all the vicissitudes of gigantic rise, wavering decline, and mournful fall. And men speak of the future still with these awful monuments of fragility before their eyes!

But it is the sad fate of Humanity that, encompassing its hopes, fears, contentment, and wishes, within the narrow scope of momentary satisfaction, the great lesson of history is taught almost in vain. Whatever be its warnings, we rely on our good fortune; and we are ingenious in finding out some soothing pretext to lull down the dreadful admonitions of history. Man, in his private capacity, consoles the instinctive apprehension of his heart with the idea that his condition is different from what warningly strikes his mind. The patriot feels well, that not only the present, but also the future of his beloved country, has a claim to his cares; but he lulls himself into carelessness by the

ingenious consolation that the condition of his country is different—that it is not obnoxious to those faults which made other countries decline and fall; that the time is different; the character and spirit of the nation are different, its power not so precarious, and its prosperity more solid; and that, therefore, it will not share the fate of those which vanished like a dream. And the philanthropist, also, whose heart throbs for the lasting welfare of all humanity, cheers his mind with the idea that, after all, mankind at large is happier than it was of yore, and that this happiness insures the future against the reverses of olden times.

That fallacy, natural as it may be, is a curse which weighs heavily on us. Let us see in what respect our age is different from those olden times. Is mankind more virtuous than it has been of yore? Why, in this enlightened age, are we not looking for virtuous inspirations to the god-like characters of these olden times? If we take virtue to be love of the laws, and of the Fatherland, dare we say that our age is more virtuous? If that man is to be called virtuous who, in all his acts, is but animated by a regard to the common good, and who, in every case, feels ready to subordinate his own selfish interest to public exigencies—if that be virtue (as indeed it is), I may well appeal to the conscience of mankind to give an impartial verdict upon the question, if our age be more virtuous than the age of Codrus or of Regulus, of Decius and of Scævola.

Look to the school of Zeno, the stoics of immortal memory; and when you see them contemning alike the vanity of riches and the ambition of personal glory, impenetrable to the considerations of pleasure and of pain, occupied only to promote public welfare and to fulfill their duties toward the community; when you see them inspired in all their acts by the doctrine that, born in a society, it is their duty to live for the benefit of society; and when you see them placing their own happiness only upon the happiness of their fellow-men—then say if our too selfish, too material age can stand a comparison with that olden period. When you remember the politicians of ancient Greece, acknowledging no other basis for the security of the commonwealth than virtue, and see the political system of our days turning only upon manufactures, commerce, and finances, will you say that our age is more virtuous? When, looking to your own country—the best and happiest, because the freest of all—you will not dissimulate in your own mind what considerations influence the platforms of your political parties; and then in contra-position will reflect upon those times when Timon of Athens, chosen to take part in his country's government, assembled his friends and renounced their friendship, in order that he might not be tempted by party considerations or by affections of amity, in his important duties toward the commonwealth. Then, having thus reflected, say, "Take you our own age to be

more virtuous, and therefore more insured against the reverses of fortune, than those older times?"

But perhaps there is a greater amount of private happiness, and by the broad diffusion of private welfare, the security of the commonwealth is more lasting and more sure?

Caraccioli, having been embassador in England, when returned to Italy, said, that "England is the most detestable country in the world, because there are to be found twenty different sorts of religion, but only two kinds of sauces with which to season meat."

There is a point in that questionable jest. Materialism! curse of our age! Who can seriously speak about the broad diffusion of happiness in a country where contentment is measured according to how many kinds of sauces we can taste? My people is by far not the most material. We are not much given to the cupidity of becoming rich. We know the word "enough." The simplicity of our manners makes us easily contented in our material relations; we like rather to be free than to be rich; we look for an honorable profit, that we may have upon what to live; but we don't like to live for the sake of profit; augmentation of property and of wealth with us is not the aim of life—we prefer tranquil, independent mediocrity to the incessant excitement and incessant toil of cupidity and gain. Such is the character of my nation; and yet I have known a countryman of mine who blew out his

brains because he had no means more to eat daily *pates de foi gras* and drink champagne. Well, that was no Hungarian character, but, though somewhat eccentrically, he characterized the leading feature of our century.

Indeed, are your richest money-kings happier than Fabricius was, when he preferred his seven acres of land, worked by his own hands, to the treasures of an empire? Are the ladies of to-day, adorned with all the gorgeous splendor of wealth, of jewels, and of art, happier than those ladies of ancient Rome have been, to whom it was forbidden to wear silk and jewelry, or drive in a carriage through the streets of Rome? Are the ladies of to-day happier in their splendid parlors, than the Portias and the Cornelias have been in the homely retirement of their modest nurseries? Nay; all that boundless thirst of wealth, which is the ruling spirit of our age, and the moving power of enterprising energy, all this hunting after treasures, and all its happiest results, have they made men nobler, better, and happier? Have they improved their soul, or even their body and their health, at least so much that the richest of men could eat and digest two dinners instead of one? Or has the insatiable thirst of material gain originated a purer patriotism? has it made mankind more devoted to their country, more ready to sacrifice for public interest? If that were the case, then I would gladly confess the error of my doubts, and take the pre-

tended larger amount of happiness for a guarantee of the future of the commonwealth. But, ladies and gentlemen! a single word—the manner in which we use it, distorting its original meaning, often characterizes a whole century. You all know the word "*idiot;*" almost every living language has adopted it, and all languages attach to it the idea that an "idiot" is a poor, ignorant, useless wretch, nearly insane. Well, "idiot" is a word of Greek extraction, and meant with the Greek a man who cared nothing for the public interest, but was all devoted to the selfish pursuit of private profit, whatever might have been its results to the community. Oh! what an immense, what a deplorable change must have occurred in the character of Humanity, till unconsciously we came to the point, that by what name the ancient Greeks would have styled those European money-kings, who, for a miserable profit, administer to the unrelenting despots their eternal loans, to oppress nations with, we now apply that very name to the wretched creatures incapable to do any thing for themselves. We bear compassion for the idiots of to-day, but the modern editions of Greek idiotism, though loaded with the bloody scars of a hundred thousand orphans, and with the curse of millions, stand high in honor, and go on, proudly glorying in their criminal idiotism, heaping up the gold of the world.

But I may be answered, after all, though our age be not so virtuous, and though the large accumula-

tion in wealth has in reality not made mankind happier; still, it cannot be denied, you are in a prosperous condition, and prosperity is a solid basis of your country's future. Industry, navigation, commerce, have so much developed, they have formed so many ties by which every citizen is linked to his country's fate, that your own material interest is a security to your country's future.

In loving your own selves you love your country, and in loving your country you love your own selves. This community of public and private interest will make you avoid the stumbling-block over which others fell. Prosperity is, of course, a great benefit; it is one of the aims of human society; but when prosperity becomes too material, it does not always guarantee the future. Paradoxical as it may appear, too much prosperity is often dangerous, and some national misfortune is now and then a good preservative of prosperity. For great prosperity makes nations careless of their future; seeing no immediate danger, they believe no danger possible; and then when a danger comes, either by sudden chance or by the slow accumulation of noxious elements, then, frightened by the idea that in meeting the danger their private prosperity might be injured or lost, selfishness often prevails over patriotism, and men become ready to submit to arrogant pretensions, and compromise with exigencies at the price of principles, and republics flatter despots, and freemen covet the friend-

ship and indulgence of tyrants, only that things may go on just as they go, though millions weep and nations groan; but still, things should go on just as they go, because every change may claim a sacrifice, or affect our thriving private interest. Such is often the effect of too great, of too secure prosperity. Therefore, prosperity alone affords yet no security.

You remember the tale of Polycrates. He was the happiest of men; good luck attended every one of his steps; success crowned all he undertook, and a friend thus spoke to him: "Thou art too happy for thy happiness to last. Appease the anger of the Eumenides by a voluntary sacrifice, or deprive thyself of what thou most valuest among all that thou possessest." Polycrates obeyed, and drew from his finger a precious jewel, of immense value, dear to his heart, and threw it into the sea. Soon after a fish was brought to his house, and his cook found the precious ring in the belly of the fish; but the friend who advised him hastened to flee from the house, and shook the dust of its threshold from his shoes, because he feared a great mischief must fall upon that too prosperous house. There is a deep meaning in that tale of Polycrates.

Machiavel says, that it is now and then necessary to recall the constituting essential principles to the memory of nations. And who is charged by Providence with this task? Misfortune! It were the battles of Cannaê and of Thrasymene which recalled

the Romans to the love of their fatherland; nations had till now, about such things, no other teacher than misfortune. They should choose to have a less afflicting one. They can have it. To point this out will be the final object of my remarks, but so much is certain, that prosperity alone is yet no security for the future, even of the happiest commonwealth. Those ancient nations have been also prosperous. They were industrious, as your nation is; their land has been covered with cities and villages, well cultivated fields, blessed with the richest crops, and crowded with countless herds spread over immense territories, furrowed with artificial roads; their flourishing cities swarmed with artists, and merchants, and workmen, and pilots, and sailors, like as New York does. Their busy laborers built gigantic water-works, digged endless canals, and carried distant waters through the sands of the desert; their mighty, energetic spirit built large and secure harbors, dried the marshy lakes, covered the sea with vessels, the land with living beings, and spread a creation of life and movement along the earth. Their commerce was broad as the known world. Tyre exchanged its purple for the silk of Serica; Cashmere's soft shawls, to-day yet a luxury of the wealthiest, the diamonds of Golconda, the gorgeous carpets of Lydia, the gold of Ophir and Saba, the aromatic spices and jewels of Ceylon, and the pearls and perfumes of Arabia, the myrrh, silver, gold dust,

and ivory of Africa, as well as the amber of the Baltic and the tin of Thulé, appeared alike in their commerce, raising them in turn to the dominion of the world, and undoing them by too careless prosperity. The manner and the shape of one or the other art, of one or other industry, has changed; the steam-engine has replaced the rowing-bench, and cannon replaced the catapult; but, as a whole, even your country, which you are proud to hear styled "the living wonder of the world"—yes, even your country in the New World, and England in the Old—England, that gigantic workshop of industry, surrounded with a beautiful evergreen garden; yes, all the dominions of the Anglo-Saxon race, can claim no higher praise of its prosperity, than when we say, that you have reproduced the grandeur of those ancient nations, and nearly equal their prosperity. And what has become of them? A sad skeleton. What remains of their riches, of their splendor, and of their vast dominions? An obscure recollection; a vain memory. Thus fall empires; thus vanish nations, which have no better guardians than their prosperity. But "we have," will you say, "we have a better guardian—our freedom, our republican institutions; our confederation uniting so many glorious stars into one mighty galaxy—these are the ramparts of our present, these our future security."

Well, it would ill become me to investigate if there be nothing "rotten in the state of Denmark,"

and certainly I am not the man who could feel inclined to undervalue the divine power of liberty; to underrate the value of your democratic institutions, and the vitality of your glorious Union. It is to them I look in the solitary hours of meditation, and when, overwhelmed with the cares of the patriot, my soul is groaning under nameless woes, it is your freedom's sunny light which dispels the gloomy darkness of despondency; here is the source whence the inspiration of hope is flowing to the mourning world, that down-trodden millions at the bottom of their desolation still retain a melancholy smile upon their lips, and still retain a voice in their bleeding chest, to thank the Almighty God that the golden thread of freedom is not yet lost on earth. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, all this I feel, and all this I know, reflecting upon your freedom, your institutions, and your Union; but casting back my look into the mirror of the past, there I see upon mouldering ground, written with warning letters, the dreadful truth, that all this has nothing new; all this has been; and all this has never yet been proved sufficient security. Freedom is the fairest gift of Heaven; but it is not the security of itself. Democracy is the embodiment of freedom, which in itself is but a principle. But what is the security of democracy? And if you answer, "The Union is;" then I ask, "And where is the security of the Union?" Yes, ladies and gentlemen, Freedom is no new word. It is as old as the world.

Despotism is new, but Freedom not. And yet it has never yet proved a charter to the security of nations. Republic is no new word. It is as old as the word "Society." Before Rome itself, republics absorbed the world. There were in all Europe, Africa, and Asia Minor, but republics to be found, and many among them democratic. Men had to wander to far Persia if they would have desired to know what sort of thing a monarch is. And all they have perished; the small ones by foreign power, the large ones by domestic vice. And union, and confederacy, the association of societies—a confederate republic of republics, is also no new invention. Greece has known it, and flourished by it for a while. Rome has known it; by such associations she attacked the world. The world has known them; with them it defended itself against Rome. The so-called Barbarians of Europe, beyond the Danube and the Rhine, have known it; it was by a confederacy of union that they resisted the ambitious mistress of the world. Your own country, America, has known it; the traditionary history of the Romans of the West, of those six Indian Nations, bears the records of it, out of an older time than your ancestors settled in this land; the wise man of the Onondaga Nation has exercised it long before your country's legislators built upon that basis your independent home. And still it proved in itself alone no security to all those nations who have known it before you. Your own

fathers have seen the last of the Mohawks burying his bloody tomahawk in the name-sake flood, and have listened to the majestic words of Logan, spoken with the dignity of an Æmilius, that there exists no living being on earth in the veins of whom one drop of the blood of his race did flow. Well, had history nothing else to teach us, than that all what the wisdom of men did conceive, and all that his energy has executed through all the innumerable days of the past, and all that we take to be glorious in nations and happy to men, cannot so much do as to insure a future even to such a flourishing commonwealth as yours; then weaker hearts may well ask, What good is it to warn us of a fatality which we cannot escape; what good is it to hold up the mournful monuments of a national mortality to sadden our heart, if all that is human must share that common doom? Let us do as we can, and so far as we can, and let the future bring what bring it may. But that would be the speech of one having no faith in the all-watching Eye, and regarding the eternal laws of the universe not as an emanation of a bountiful providence, but of a blind fatality, which plays at hazard with the destinies of men. I never will share such blasphemy. Misfortune came over me, and came over my house, and came over my guiltless nation; still I never have lost my trust in the Father of all. I have lived the days when the people of my oppressed country went along weeping over the immense mis-

fortune that they cannot pray, seeing the downfall of the most just cause and the outrageous triumph of the most criminal of all crimes on earth; and they went along not able to pray, and weeping that they are not able to pray. I shuddered at the terrible tidings in the desolation of my exile; but I could pray, and sent the consolation home, that I do not despair; that I believe in God, and trust to His bountiful providence, and ask them who of them dares despair when I do not? I was in exile, as I am now, but arrogant despots were debating about my blood, my infant children in prison, my wife, the faithful companion of my sorrows and my cares, hunted like a noble deer, and my sisters in the tyrant's fangs, red with the blood of my nation, and the heart of my aged mother breaking, about the shattered fortunes of her house, and all of them at last homeless wanderers, cast to the winds, like the yellow leaves of a fallen tree; and my fatherland, my dear, beloved fatherland, half murdered, half in chains, and humanity nearly all oppressed, and those who are not yet oppressed looking with compassion at our sad fate, but taking it for wise policy not to help, and the sky of freedom dark on our horizon, and darkening fast over all, and nowhere a ray of hope; a luster of consolation nowhere; and still I did not despair; and my faith to God, my trust to Providence has spread over my down-trodden land.

I therefore, who do not despair of my own coun-

try's future, though it be overwhelmed with misfortunes, I certainly have an unwavering faith in the destinies of Humanity, and though the mournful example of so many fallen nations instructs us, that neither the diffusion of knowledge, nor the progress of industry, neither prosperity, nor power, nay, not even freedom itself, can secure a future to nations, still I say there is one thing which can secure it; there is one law, the obedience to which would prove a rock upon which the freedom and happiness of nations may rest sure to the end of their days. And that law, ladies and gentlemen, is the law proclaimed by our Saviour; that rock is the unperverted religion of Christ. But while the consolation of this sublime truth falls meekly upon my soul like as the moonlight falls upon the smooth sea, I humbly claim your forbearance, ladies and gentlemen; I claim it in the name of the Almighty Lord, to hear from my lips a mournful truth. It may displease you; it may offend; but still truth is truth. Offended vanity may blame me; power may frown at me, and pride may call my boldness arrogant, but still truth is truth, and I, bold in my unpretending humility, will proclaim that truth; I will proclaim it from land to land and from sea to sea; I will proclaim it with the faith of the martyrs of old, till the seed of my word falls upon the consciences of men. Let come what come may, I say with Luther: God help me, I cannot otherwise. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the law of our Saviour,

the religion of Christ, can secure a happy future to nations. But, alas! there is yet no Christian people on earth—not a single one among all. I have spoken the word. It is harsh, but true. Nearly two thousand years have passed since Christ has proclaimed the eternal decree of God, to which the happiness of mankind is bound, and has sanctified it with His own blood, and still there is not one single nation on earth which would have enacted into its law-book that eternal decree. Men believe in the mysteries of religion, according to the creed of their church; they go to church, and they pray and give alms to the poor, and drop the balm of consolation into the wounds of the afflicted, and believe they do all that the Lord commanded to do, and believe they are Christians. No! Some few may be, but their nation is not—their country is not; the era of Christianity has yet to come, and when it comes, then, only then, will be the future of nations sure. Far be it from me to misapprehend the immense benefit which Christian religion, such as it already is, has operated in mankind's history. It has influenced the private character of men, and the social condition of millions; it was the nurse of a new civilization, and softening the manners and morals of men, its influence has been felt even in the worst quarter of history—in war. The continual massacres of the Greek and Roman kings and chiefs, and the extermination of nations by them—the all-devastating warfare of the Timurs and Gengis Khans—are in

general not more to be met with; only my own dear fatherland was doomed to experience once more the cruelties of the Timurs and Gengis Khans out of the sacrilegious hands of the dynasty of Austria, which calumniates Christianity by calling itself Christian. But though that beneficial influence of Christianity we have cheerfully to acknowledge, yet it is still not to be disputed that the law of Christ does yet nowhere rule the Christian world.

Montesquieu himself, whom nobody could charge to be partial for republics, avows that despotism is incompatible with the Christian religion, because the Christian religion commands meekness, and despotism claims arbitrary power to the whims and passions of a frail mortal; and still it is more than 1,500 years since the Christian religion became dominant, and through that long period despotism has been pre-eminently dominant; you can scarcely show one single truly democratic republic of any power which had subsisted but for a hundred years, exercising any influence upon the condition of the world. Constantine, raising the Christian religion to Rome's imperial throne, did not restore the Romans to their primitive virtues. Constantinople became the sewer of vice; Christian worship did not change the despotic habits of Kings. The Tituses, the Trajans, the Antonines, appeared seldom on Christian thrones; on the contrary, mankind has seen, in the name of religion, lighted the piles of persecution, and the blazing torches

of intolerance; the earth overspread with corpses of the million victims of fanaticism; the fields watered with blood; the cities wrapped in flames, and empires ravaged with unrelenting rage. Why? Is it Christian religion which caused these deplorable facts, branding the brow of partly degraded, partly outraged Humanity? No. It was precisely the contrary; the fact that the religion of Christ never yet was practically taken for an all overruling law, the obedience to which, outweighing every other consideration, would have directed the policy of nations—that fact is the source of evil, whence the oppression of millions has overflowed the earth, and which makes the future of the proudest, of the freest nation, to be like a house built upon sand.

Every religion has two parts. One is the dogmatical, the part of worship; the other is the moral part.

The first, the dogmatic part, belonging to those mysterious regions which the arm of human understanding cannot reach, because they belong to the dominion of belief, and that begins where the dominion of knowledge ends—that part of religion, therefore, the dogmatic one, should be left to every man to settle between God and his own conscience. It is a sacred field, whereon worldly power never should dare to trespass, because there it has no power to enforce its will. Force can murder; it can make liars and hypocrites, but no violence on earth can force a man to believe what he does not

believe. Yet the other part of religion, the moral part, is quite different. That teaches duties toward ourselves and toward our fellow-men. It can be, therefore, not indifferent to the human family: it can be not indifferent to whatever community, if those duties be fulfilled or not, and no nation can, with full right, claim the title of a Christian nation, no government the title of a Christian government, which is not founded upon the basis of Christian morality, and which takes it not for an all overruling law to fulfill the moral duties ordered by the religion of Christ toward men and nations, who are but the community of men, and toward mankind, which is the community of nations. Now, look to those dread pages of history, stained with the blood of millions, spilt under the blasphemous pretext of religion; was it the intent to vindicate the rights, and enforce the duties of Christian morality, which raised the hand of nation against nation, of government against government? No: it was the fanaticism of creed, and the fury of dogmatism. Nations and governments rose to propagate their manner to worship God, and their own mode to believe the inscrutable mysteries of eternity; but nobody has yet raised a finger to punish the sacrilegious violation of the moral laws of Christ, nobody ever stirred to claim the fulfillment of the duties of Christian morality toward nations. There is much speaking about the separation of Church and State, and yet, on close examination, we shall see that there was,

and there is, scarcely one single government entirely free from the direct or indirect influence of one or other religious denominations; scarcely one which would not at least bear a predilection, if not countenance with favor, one or another creed—but creed, and always creed. The mysteries of dogmatism, and the manners of worship, enter into these considerations; they enter even into the politics, and turn the scales of hatred and affection; but certainly there is not one single nation, not one single government, the policy of which would ever have been regulated by that law of morality which our Saviour has promulgated as the eternal law of God, which shall be obeyed in all the relations of men to men. But you say, of the direct or indirect amalgamation of Church and State, proved to be dangerous to nations in Christian and for Christian times, because it affected the individual rights of men, and among them, the dearest of all, the liberty of conscience and the freedom of thought. Well, of this danger, at least, the future of your country is free; because here, at least, in this, your happy land, religious liberty exists. Your institutions left no power to your government to interfere with the religion of your citizens. Here every man is free to worship God as he chooses to do.

And that is true, and it is a great glory of your country that it is true. It is a fact which entitles to the hope that your nation will revive the law of Christ, even on earth. However, the guarantee

which your Constitution affords to religious liberty is but a negative part of a Christian government. There are, besides that, positive duties to be fulfilled. He who does no violence to the conscience of man, has but the negative merit of a man doing no wrong; but as he who does not murder, does not steal, and does not covet what his neighbor's is, but by not stealing, not murdering, not coveting what our neighbor's is, we did yet no positive good; a man who does not murder has not yet occasion to the title of virtuous man. And here is precisely the infinite merit of the Christian religion. While Moses, in the name of the Almighty God, ordered but negative degrees toward fellow-men, the Christian religion commands positive virtue. Its divine injunctions are not performed by not doing wrong; it desires us to do good. The doctrine of Jesus Christ is sublime in its majestic simplicity. "Thou shalt love God above all, and love thy neighbor as thou lovest thyself."

This sublime doctrine is the religion of love. It is the religion of charity. "Though I speak with the tongues of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Though I have the gift of prophesy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me noth-

ing." Thus speaks the Lord, and thus speaking He gives the law, "Do unto others as thou desirest others to do unto thee." Now in the name of Him who gave this law to humanity, to build up the eternal bliss and temporal happiness of mankind, in the name of that Eternal Legislator, I ask, is in that *charity*, in that fundamental law of Christianity, any limit of distinction drawn in man in his personal, and man in his national capacity? Is it but a law for a man where he is alone, and can do but little good? Is it no law more where two are together, and can do more good? No law more when millions are together? Am I in my personal adversities; is my aged mother in her helpless desolation; are my homeless sisters whom you feed to-day, that they may work to-morrow; are we your neighbors, unto whom you do as you would others in a similar position do unto yourself? And is every one of my down-trodden people a neighbor to every one of you? but all my people collectively, is it *not* a neighbor to you? And is my nation not a neighbor to your nation? Is my down-trodden land not a neighbor to your down-trodden land? Oh! my God, men speak of the Christian religion and style themselves Christians, and yet make a distinction between virtue in private life and virtue in public life; as if the divine law of Charity would have been given only for certain small relations, and not for all the relations between men and men.

"There he is again, with his eternal complaints about his country's wrongs;" may perhaps somebody remark: "This is an assembly of charity, assembled to ease his private woes of family; and there he is again speaking of his country's wrongs, and alluding to our foreign policy, about which he knows our views to be divided." Thus I may be charged.

My "private family woes!" But all my woes and all the woes of my family, are concentrated in the unwarrantable oppression of my fatherland. You are an assembly of charity, it is true, and the Almighty may requite you for it; but being a charitable assembly, can you blame me that the filial and fraternal devotion of my heart, in taking with gratitude the balm of consolation which your charity pours into the bleeding wounds of my family, looks around to heal those wounds, the torturing pains of which you ease, but which cannot be cured but by justice and charity done to my fatherland. Shall this sad heart of mine be contented by leaving to my homeless mother and sisters the means to have their bread by honest labor, their daily bread salted with the bitter tears of exile; and shall I not care to leave them the hope that their misfortune will have an end; that they will see again their beloved home; that they will see it independent and free, and live where their fathers lived, and sleep the tranquil sleep of death, in that soil with which the ashes of their fathers mingle?

Shall I not care to give the consolation to my aged mother, that when her soon departing soul, crowned with the garland of martyrdom, looks down from the home of the blessed, the united joy of the heavens will thrill through her immortal spirit, seeing her dear, dear Hungary free? Your views are divided on the subject, it may be; but can your views be divided upon the subject that it is the command of God to love your neighbors as you love yourselves? That it is the duty of Christians, that it is the fundamental principle of the Christian religion, to do unto others as you desire others to do unto you? And if there is, if there can be no difference of opinion in regard to the principle; if no one in this vast assembly—whatever be the platform of his party—ever would disclaim this principle, will any one blame me that in the name of Christ I am bold to claim the application of that principle? I should not speak of politics! Well, I have spoken of Christianity. Your politics either agree with the Law of Christ, or they do not agree with it. If they don't agree, then your politics are not Christian; and if they agree, then I cause no division among you.

And I shall not speak of my people's wrongs! Oh! my people—thou heart of my heart, thou life of my life—to thee are bent the thoughts of my mind, and they will remain bent to thee, though all the world may frown. To thee are pledged all the affections of my heart, and they will be pledged to

thee as long as one drop of blood throbs within this heart. Thine are the cares of my waking hours; thine are the dreams of my restless sleep. Shall I forget thee, but for a moment! Never! Never! Cursed be the moment, and cursed be I in that moment, in which thou wouldst be forgotten by me!

Thou art oppressed, O my fatherland! because the principles of Christianity have not been executed in practice; because the duties of Christianity have not been fulfilled; because the precepts of Christianity have not been obeyed; because the law of Christianity did not control the policy of nations; because there are many impious governments to offend the law of Christ, but there was none to do the duties commanded by Christ.

Thou art fallen, O my country, because Christianity has yet to come; but it is not yet come—nowhere! Nowhere on earth! And with the sharp eye of misfortune piercing the dark vail of the future, and with the tongue of Cassandria relating what I see, I cry it out to high Heaven, and shout it out to the Earth—"Nations, proud of your momentary power; proud of your freedom; proud of your prosperity—your power is vain, your freedom is vain, your industry, your wealth, your prosperity are vain; all these will not save you from sharing the mournful fate of those old nations, not less powerful then you, not less free, not less prosperous than you—and still fallen, as you yourself will fall—all vanished as you will vanish, like a bub-

ble thrown up from the deep! There is only the law of Christ, there are only the duties of Christianity, which can secure your future, by securing at the same time humanity.

Duties must be fulfilled, else they are an idle word. And who would dispute that there is a positive duty in that law, "Love thy neighbor as thou lovest thyself. Do unto others as thou wouldst that others do unto thee." Now, if there are duties in that law comprised, who shall execute them, if free and powerful nations do not execute them? No government can meddle with the private relations of its millions of citizens so much as to enforce the positive virtue of Christian charity, in the thousand-fold complications of private life. That will be impossible; and our Saviour did not teach impossibilities. By commanding charity toward fellow-men in human relations, He commanded it also to governments. It is in their laws toward their own citizens; it is in their policy toward other nations, that governments and nations can fulfill those duties of Christianity; and what they can, that they should. How could governments hope to see their own citizens and other nations observing toward them the positive duties of Christian morality, when they themselves do not observe them against others; when oppressed nations, the victims, not of their own faults, but of the grossest violation of the law of Christ, look in vain around to find out a nation among Christian nations, and

a government among Christian governments, doing unto them, in the hour of their supreme need, as the Saviour said that it is duty to do unto others in every case?

Yes, gentlemen, as long as the principles of Christian morality are not carried up into the international relations—as long as the fragile wisdom of political exigencies overrules the doctrines of Christ, there is no freedom on earth firm, and the future of no nation sure. But let a powerful nation like yours raise Christian morality into its public conduct, that nation will have a future against which the very gates of hell itself will never prevail. The morality of its policy will react upon the morality of its individuals, and preserve it from domestic vice, which, without that prop, ever yet has attended too much prosperity, and ever yet was followed by a dreadful fall. The morality of its policy will support justice and freedom on earth, and thus augmenting the number of free nations, all acting upon the same principle, its very future will be placed under the guarantee of them all, and preserve it from foreign danger—which is better to prevent than to repel. And its future will be placed under the guarantee of the Almighty himself, who, true to His eternal decrees, proved through the downfall of so many mighty nations, that He always punished the fathers in the coming generations; but alike bountiful as just, will not and cannot forsake those whom He gave power to carry

out His laws on earth, and who willingly answered His divine call. Power in itself never yet was sure. It is right which makes power firm; and it is community which makes right secure. The task of PETER'S apostolate is accomplished—the Churches are founded in the Christian world. The task of PAUL'S apostolate is accomplished—the abuses of fanaticism and intolerance are redressed. But the task of him whom the Saviour most loved, is not yet accomplished. The gospel of charity rules not yet the Christian world; and without charity, Christianity, you know, is "but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

Oh! Charity, thou fairest gift of Heaven! thou family link between nations; thou rock of their security; thou deliverer of the oppressed; when comes thy realm? Where is the man whom the Lord has chosen to establish thy realm? Who is the man whom the Lord has chosen to realize the religion, the tenets of which the most beloved disciple of the Saviour has recorded from his divine lips? who is the man to reform, not Christian creeds, but Christian morality? Man! No; that is no task for a man, but for a nation. Man may teach a doctrine; but that doctrine of Charity is taught, and taught with such sublime simplicity, that no sectarist yet has disputed its truth. Historians have been quarreling about mysteries, and lost empires through their disputes. The Greeks were controversially disputing whether the

Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father alone, or from the Father and Son; and Mahomet battered the walls of Byzantium, they heard it not; he wrested the cross from Santa Sophia; they saw it not, till the cimeter of the Turk stopped the rage of quarrel with the blow of death. In other quarters they went on disputing and deciding with mutual anathemas the question of transfiguration and many other mysteries, which, being mysteries, constitute the private dominion of belief; but the doctrine of charity none of them disputes; there they all agree; nay, in the idle times of scholastical subtility, they have been quarreling about the most extravagant fancies of a scorched imagination. Mighty folios have been written about the problem, how many angels could dance upon the top of a needle without touching each other? The folly of subtility went so far as to profane the sacred name of God, by disputing if He, being omnipotent, has the power to sin? If, in the holy wafer, He be present dressed or undressed? If the Saviour would have chosen the incarnation in the shape of a gourd, instead of a man, how would he have preached, how acted miracles, and how had been crucified? And when they went to the theme of investigating if it was a whip or a lash with which the angels have whipped St. Jerome for trying to imitate in his writings the pagan Cicero, it was but after centuries that Abbot Cartaut dared to write that if St. Jerome was whipped at all, he was whipped for

having *badly* imitated Cicero. Still, the doctrine of Christian charity is so sublime in its simplicity, that not even the subtility of scholasticism dared ever to profane it by any controversy, and still that sublime doctrine is not executed, and the religion of charity not realized yet. The task of this glorious progress is only to be done by a free and powerful nation, because it is a task of action, and not of teaching. Individual man can but execute it in the narrow compass of the small relations of private life; it is only the power of a nation which can raise it to become a ruling law on earth; and before this is done, the triumph of Christianity is not arrived—and without that triumph, the freedom and prosperity even of the mightiest nation is not for a moment safe from internal decay, or from foreign violence.

Which is the nation to achieve that triumph of Christianity by protecting justice out of charity? Which shall do it, if not yours? Whom the Lord has blessed above all, from whom He much expects, because He has given her much.

Ye Ministers of the Gospel, who devote your lives to expound the eternal truths of the book of life, remember my humble words, and remind those who, with pious hearts, listen to your sacred words, that half virtue is no virtue at all, and that there is no difference in the duties of charity between public and private life.

Ye Missionaries, who devote your lives to the

propagation of Christianity, before you embark for the dangers of far, inhospitable shores, remind those whom you leave, that the example of a nation exercising right and justice on earth by charity, would be the mightiest propagandism of Christian religion.

Ye Patriots, loving your country's future, and anxious about her security, remember the admonitions of history—remember that the freedom, the power, and the prosperity in which your country glories, is no new apparition on earth; others also had it, and yet they are gone. The prudence with which your forefathers have founded this commonwealth, the courage with which you develop it, other nations also have shown, and still they are gone.

And ye ladies; ye fairest incarnation of the spirit of love, which vivifies the universe, remember my words. The heart of man is given into your tender hands. You mold it in its infancy. You imprint the lasting mark of character upon man's brow. You ennoble his youth; you soften the harshness of his manhood; you are the guardian angels of his hoary age. All your vocation is love, and your life is charity. The religion of charity wants your apostolate, and requires your aid. It is to you I appeal, and leave the sublime topic of my humble reflections to the meditation of your Christian hearts.

And thus, my task of to-day is done. Man shall earn the means of life by the sweat of his brow. Thus shall my family. Your charity of to-day has opened the way to it. The school which my mother, if God spares her life, will superintend, and in which two of my sisters will teach, and the humble farm which my third sister and her family shall work, will be the gift of your charity to-day.

A stony weight of cares is removed from my breast. Oh! be blessed for it, be thanked for it, in the name of them all who have lost every thing, but not their trust to God, and not the benefit of being able to work. My country will forgive me that I have taken from her the time of one day's work—to give bread to my aged mother and to my homeless sisters, the poor victims of unrelenting tyranny. Returning to Europe, I may find my own little children in a condition that again the father will have to take the spade or the pen into his hand to give them bread.

And my fatherland will again forgive me, tha that time is taken from her. That is all what I take from her; nothing else of what is given, or what belongs to her. And the day's work which I take from my country, I will restore it by a night's labor. To-day, the son and the brother has done his task you have requited his labor by a generous charity the son and brother thanks you for it, and the patriot to resume his task, bids you a hearty, warm, farewell.

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